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ment was inaugurated: but no other public demonstration can be said to have taken place, which had not its rise in Stratford.

The first Shakespeare jubilee took place in 1769, and was the direct inspiration, less of the enthusiasm, than the vanity, of David Garrick, who, having received some personal compliment from the cunning burghers, resolved to compound for it by a

STRATFORD CHURCH, AND THE AVON.

three days' festival, he himself officiating as the presiding genius. There was a procession of a most stately description; an oratorio in which many celebrated artistes of the day bore a part; a series of dramatic performances in an amphitheatre erected for the purpose; a very brilliant display of fireworks; and to these would have been added a histrionic pageant, but the elements, wind and rain, pouring out all the vials of their wrath during the entire three days, it was struck out of the

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET.

programme, but subsequently transferred to the boards of old Drury, where David turned it to *capital* account.

The next festival was projected by the Stratford Shakespeare Club, and was held in 1827, partaking very much of the character of its predecessor; and in the year 1830, the same club (designing to make these celebrations triennial, after the fashion of the Lady Godiva procession, in the neighbouring city of Coventry) produced a third affair of the kind, including a theatrical pageant, which extended over four days. No further public demonstrations in honour of the Bard of Avon occurred until April 23rd, 1853, when a party of enthusiastic Shakesperians from Birmingham commemorated the 289th anniversary of the supposed day of the poet's birth as reverent pilgrims to a sacred shrine.

We say the *supposed* day of his birth, for the register in Stratford Church, which runs thus, "April 26th, 1564, Gulielmus fillius Johannes Shakespeare," is that of baptism, not birth, although the 23rd of April, the festival of the patron saint of England, has come by common consent to be regarded as that on which he first drew breath at the old house in Henley-street, then a substantial dwelling, but some years afterwards converted into two separate tenements, as now represented in all prints—one half generally showing as a butcher's shop.

It is as Washington Irving truly describes it, a small, mean-looking edifice, of plaster and wood—a true nestling-place for genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in bye-corners. The walls of its meagre chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, being the silent testimony to the memory and genius of the Poet, of those who have made a pilgrimage to his shrine. Shakespeare's father, in 1574, gave £40 for this and another house. On his death, they became the property of his eldest son, William, who bequeathed them, in turn, to his sister,

Joan Hart, "for the term of her natural life." At her demise, which took place in 1646, the tenements came into the possession of Lady Barnard, who left them to the sons of Joan Shakespeare Hart. In 1806, the houses were sold for £250; and subsequently, that in which the poet was born, was exhibited by one Mary Hornby, a descendant of the family, who rented it in the first instance at £10; but the

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

proprietor, finding the number of visitors rapidly increasing, and a growing interest taken in the dear old pile, sought occasion to raise the rent to £40, a sum much too large for Dame Hornby to pay. She thereupon left it, not without a sigh, for she had become greatly attached to the place, nor without carrying with her all those relics described by the author of "Bracebridge Hall," in his inimitable "Sketch Book." The house was, however, kept on as an exhibition, until the 16th of September, 1847, when it was put up for sale by the well-known "George Robins of auction renown." Mr. Peter Cunningham, on behalf of a committee formed in London, for the purpose of securing its purchase, offered

£3,000 for it, and at that price it became the property of the nation for all time to come.

It teaches a deep and solemn lesson of humility, to reflect that, not in the halls of the learned, or in the mansions of the great, but in this quaint low-browed cot, before which kings have bowed themselves, the foremost Englishman was born; that not in proud capitals, or imperial cities, but in a quiet country town, now the envy of the world, the mightiest intellect of Europe was nurtured. Here, in addition to the birthplace, purchased and preserved by subscriptions from every quarter of the globe, is the rude wayside school where he acquired his "little Latin and less Greek;" here, too, may be seen New-place—the site of his residence, after his return from the applause of courts to the tranquil meadows watered by his favourite stream—the spots where the mulberry, planted by his own hand, and the old Gospel elm grew—the pleasant village of Shottery, where he wooed and won his wife, Anne Hathaway; and lastly, the grand old church where "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The town, the neighbourhood, and all connected with it, literally breathes of our poet in language eloquent, albeit inaudible.

During the poet's early days, his father, Master John Shakespeare, was a prosperous woolstapler; but, the trade of the district decaying, his fortune declined, and his son William was in consequence withdrawn from school, to render assistance at home to his parent, who had now recourse to the business of a butcher.

It was not long, however, before courtship interfered with "calf-killing," as being more in unison with young Will Shakespeare's feelings and character. The extreme, though mature beauty of Anne Hathaway (for she was eight years his senior), captivated his youthful fancy, and we can readily picture him to ourselves, "in his habit as he lived," traversing "many a time and oft" with impatient feet, the short mile

between Stratford and Shottery, to sit beside the fair owner of the "middle cottage of the three," on the "courting stool," or chair, since removed by the hand of the relic hunter.

He "married in haste," at the unripe age of eighteen, and it is said, though with scant reason, that he "repented at leisure."

In the following year, "unto him a child was born," his daughter Susannah; and in eighteen months afterwards, followed a twin boy and girl, Hammet and Judith, so that ere manhood arrived, Shakespeare had a wife and three children to provide for; and to do this he became a schoolmaster.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY.

It was about this time that he is said to have "fallen into ill-company," and "dissolute habits," of which, his alleged drinking bout at Bidford, his drunken sleep under the road-side crab-tree, and his memorable fracas with Sir Thomas

Lucy, of Charlicote, were but the ripe fruits. But the Apostle of Temperance, it must be remembered, had not then arisen. Excess was scarcely a crime; and the game-laws did not exist until the Puritan magistrate, whom Shakespeare has spitted for ever on the point of his pen, pressed forward to frame them.

CHARLICOTE.

He who in his writings has shown such a wondrous love of the great principles of justice, was just the man above all others to resist the infringement of a public right; precisely as Sir Thomas Lucy was the man above all others to resent the infringement of a private one. In the spirit of "bold Robin Hood, the forester good," Shakespeare is said to have lent a hand in carrying off a head of deer. Detection followed—the man was prosecuted, and the poet made. Shakespeare retaliated at the time, in the well-known doggerel (the authenticity of which is questioned however) in which he sings:—

> "If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
> Singe Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it:"

But he, also, retaliated again more severely many years afterwards, when he drew with his inimitable pen the life-like portrait of Justice Shallow.

Whether Shakespeare "ran his native town" from persecution abroad, or strife and poverty at home, is uncertain; but it is certain that, as Aubrey states, "this William being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London." He is supposed, when not more than seven years of age, to have beheld a play in dumb show, entitled, "The Cradle of Security;" when only eleven, the Earl of Leicester entertained "Good Queen Bess," at his sumptuous palace at Kenilworth; and Shakespeare's sire, then a substantial yeoman,

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

and an Alderman of Stratford, may be assumed to have taken his little Will to witness the pageant. Three distinct companies of players had, moreover, visited Stratford, during his

youth—and as three of these players—Heminge, Burbage, and Green, were Warwickshire, if not Stratford, men, there was no lack of inducement to abandon the life of a rustic, and cast his lot with them.

Arrived in "town," he appears to have at once attached himself, in a curious capacity, to the Globe and Blackfriars theatres. At first, if tradition be true, he was but a hanger-on at the theatre door, as horse-boy; then call-boy; but after his introduction within the play-house by one or other of the players already referred to, his own talents secured his rapid progress—first as an actor, then as a playwright.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

The Queen, despite the opposition of the Puritans, had granted license to the players to exercise their art, and from that time the number of theatres increased. The Globe,

Bankside, and Blackfriars theatres, were all the property of the company which Shakespeare joined, and by whom his dramas were represented. The Globe was a wooden building, hexagonal in form, partially roofed only, and thatched with rushes. This was the summer theatre for day performances, which commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was called the "Globe" from its sign, which was a figure of Atlas supporting the globe, under which was written "*Totus mundus agit histrionem;*" (All the world acts a play). This theatre was burned down on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1613, through a somewhat remarkable accident. During the performance of a play called *All is True*, King Henry VIII. was represented as giving a masque at Cardinal Wolsey's house, and during its progress, on the entrance of the King, cannons were fired off. Unfortunately, the paper or wadding of one of these lodged on the dry roof of reeds, and being unobserved by either actors or spectators, both intent on the performance, from a smoke it kindled to a flame, and circled the place like a train, consuming the old wooden edifice in less than an hour. It is worthy of note, that notwithstanding the crowded state of the theatre, and the narrow doors, no person was injured; one man's nether garments certainly were set on fire, but a bottle of ale is said to have done duty as a fire engine, and saved the man's skin. Had people more presence of mind in those days than in these?

Ben Jonson is supposed to have been present at the fire.

The Blackfriars Theatre (situated near the present Apothecaries' Hall, the site still preserved as Playhouse-yard), was entirely covered in, and the performances took place by candle-light. The stage, at that time, was little more than a rude platform, scenes and properties being few and simple; the actor then had no aid from "sensational" effects, nor, on the other hand, was his art subordinated to stage upholstery. The more distinguished guests were accommodated

with seats on the stage, which was strewn with rushes, while the ordinary spectators sat in a gallery around the area, or stood on the ground beneath; hence the term "*groundlings*," as used by Hamlet, when he advises the players not to "tear a passion to tatters, to split the ears of the groundlings." Education had not in Shakespeare's time a very wide range; the nobility, gentry, and some few of the upper-class tradespeople might have had instruction of one kind or other, but to the mass of the people the very alphabet was a mystery; so that the "groundlings" were intellectually far beneath the "gods" of even our minor theatres. No wonder, then, that these rude mobs would frequently clamour and riot when buffoonery, ribaldry, or rant were not sufficiently pungent for their strong palates, and call for what plays they pleased; compelling the actors to alter the programme at bidding. It not unfrequently happened, on such occasions, that swords and staves were drawn, and blood shed, or that the rioters, when satiated with the horrors or obscenity they had importunately demanded in the theatre, rushed to the Bear Garden, on Bankside, to end the day with bear-baiting or worse. The Phœnix Theatre, in Drury-lane, was pulled down by just such a mob in the reign of James I.

It was customary, on days of performance, to hoist a flag on the front of a theatre. The prices of admission were, to the best places, a shilling; to the ground (or, as we moderns say, the "promenade"), a penny or two pence; but these charges were not so low as they sound to our ears, money having a different relative value. The critics sat with the nobles on the stage, and were furnished with pipes and tobacco. The curtain (generally suspended from the edge of the balcony or gallery) was not rolled up, but drawn back on each side, not to reveal scenes, but admit the players to the open platform. The deficiency of scenes, there being seldom

more than one, if any, was supplied by the names of places being written on a moveable board, and placed conspicuously at the back of the stage; for instance, a garden, a ship, Thebes, Rome, or Venice, as the case might be. The stage was lighted by candles in branches, as in churches, and also by footlights as now. Before the performance commenced, three flourishes, or pieces of music, were played; and music was likewise played between the acts, the instruments being chiefly trumpets, cornets, and hautboys. Wigs and masks formed part of the stage properties, and the female parts for the first hundred years were represented by young men.

The audience, before the entrance of the actors, amused themselves with reading or playing at cards; while others drank ale or smoked tobacco, as in the singing saloons now.

For some time plays were acted on Sundays only; after 1579, they were acted on Sundays and other days indiscriminately.

The Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate-hill, and the Old Tabard, Southwark, were among the most famous of the many Inn-yard theatres. We give an illustration of the latter celebrated hostelry, the rendezvous of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, which even now exists intact.

Although there were several other theatres in London in Shakespeare's time, the Fortune, in Whitecross-street, and the Red Bull, Clerkenwell, alone deserve mention—the one as the oldest of English playhouses—the other as the only one whose site now retains a temple dedicated to the dramatic muse—viz., that of Sadler's Wells.

The Fortune was originally appointed for the nursery of the children of Henry VIII., and afterwards converted into a theatre, and partially rebuilt by Alleyn the player, the founder of Dulwich College, who was also proprietor of the Bear Garden. It was originally a round brick building, of vast dimensions, as may be understood when it was advertised

for sale as a space "for twenty-three tenements with gardens, and a street cut through." This theatre shared the fate of the Globe, being burned down to the ground in two hours one Sunday night in December, 1621, through some negligence with a candle, and all the *books*, dresses, and other properties of the players consumed: whereby it is said—"These poore companions are quite undone."

Sadlers' Wells, the scion of the Red Bull Theatre, has not only conserved the site of a stage where Shakespeare trod, but

THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.

preserved a home for the king of dramatists, a Cordelia who opened her tent to him when the Goneril and Regan of Drury-lane and Covent-garden drove him away. Under the *régime* of Mr. Phelps, and later of Miss Marriott, Shakespeare

THE IMMORTAL
SHAKESPEARE
WAS BORN HERE

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courteously toward the poet, who, however, appeared so engrossed in the rendering of his part, as not to heed the honour paid him by his royal mistress. Presently the Queen caught his eye, and moved again, but still the actor would not throw off his assumed character; this, it appears, made Her Majesty persist in endeavouring to secure a public acknowledgment of her condescension. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage. This was too strong an intimation of the Queen's desire, to be left unnoticed. So, upon finishing his speech, he picked up the glove, and so aptly delivered the following impromptu lines, that they seemed to belong to his part:

> "And though now bent on this high embassy,
> Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove."

He thereupon walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who, equally pleased with his wit and his gallantry, warmly complimented him on his appropriate behaviour under such novel and trying circumstances.

The genial disposition of our bard naturally inclined him to good fellowship; and he might frequently be found at the Mermaid Tavern, in Friday-street, in company with Ben Jonson (his bosom friend), Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Myddleton, Dekker, Cotton, Martin, Donne, and other choice spirits, at once the lustre and the pride of that glorious Elizabethan epoch. Here he would engage in conflicts of wit with his great rival, drawing forth the apt and felicitous allusion of Fuller, who compares Shakespeare to an English man-of-war, and Jonson to a Spanish galleon.

"Master Jonson, like the latter, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, like the former, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention;" a com-

parison whose point lay in the then recent defeat of the Spanish Armada.

It has been objected that the writers of this era were tavern-haunting revellers, but the poet cannot write a great play if he shut himself from the world in philosophic reverie; he must open his soul to the ever-changing influences of a life of action, the spirits of the market-place and forum must be no less powerful over his thoughts than the spirits of the cavern. They were no mere dreamers who wrote the glorious plays of the Elizabethan time. Strong-thinking, full-passioned men, they lived, many of them, wild, irregular lives, too fond, may be, of bright eyes, bright wine, and the rattle of the dice, and some of them died sad, unhopeful deaths; but they were, nevertheless, brave, loving spirits, and the thoughts which flooded their souls they poured out to other men in nervous words which it strengthens a man's mind to read. The man of science or philosophy, may shut himself up amid musty tomes and strange apparatus, but he who would paint humanity, must dip his brushes in the stream of life wheresoever it may flow.

Of the three other taverns (the Boar's Head, the Falcon, and the Devil), made famous by their connection with Shakespeare and his friends, the Old Boar's Head in Eastcheap is the most conspicuous. The centre of a locality specially devoted to feasting and revelry, where "the cookes cried hot ribbes of beef rosted, pies well baked, and other victuals;" its sign was most aptly chosen, since here, too, was the "cooke's dwelling," where Prince Henry and his brothers John and Thomas, at 3 o'clock in the morning (a more discreditable hour then than even now), created that riot which resulted in the interference of the mayor and sheriffs, the final discomfiture of the princes before Judge Gascoigne, and the merited censure of their kingly sire. What a lesson for modern magistrates!

Though it was at the Mermaid in Friday-street assembled the club of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and other celebrities of the day were members, and between whom

JUDGE GASCOIGNE.

arose those pleasant "wit combats" to which Fuller alludes; yet, it is the Boar's Head which our poet has been pleased to single out as the rendezvous of Sir John Falstaff, that rollicking sea of humour, and his roystering companions, probably from no other motive than to point his satire against the Sir John Falstaff who owned the "Boar's Head" in High-street, Southwark, demised by him to Magdalen College, Oxford. Modern commentators dispute the identity of this hero of the French Wars with Shakespeare's inimitable braggart; but might it not be an "inhabitant" of Southwark, not "Stratford," with whom Shakespeare is said to have disputed about some property adjoining his own, and whose

portrait he has drawn so wondrously? and if so, the same spirit of resentment which pinned immortal obloquy to Sir Thomas Lucy's sleeve, would, naturally enough, prompt the severe retaliation of handing down to future time a caricature of this man, were he thrice three times a hero, and not, as is possible, sunk into a bully in his dotage.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

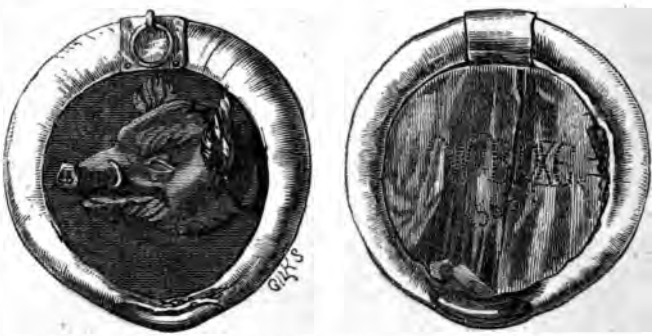
It is on record, that William of Wickham came from Windsor, while he was surveyor of the alterations and additions to the Castle, to meet John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, at the Boar's Head, but no mention is made of either host or hostess, until Shakespeare placed the "gentlewoman named

Dame Quickly" in juxtaposition with Sir John Falstaff. This Dame Quickly, according to Goldsmith, became entangled in the meshes of an artful prior of a neighbouring convent, and after serving his purposes, and resigning the tavern to his uses for years, in revenge for some real or imaginary slight, he sent her and her women to the house of

DAME QUICKLY AND FALSTAFF.

correction, where she was unhappily whipped to death. The tavern then became a monastic offshoot of the convent of this dissolute prior, who was, in turn, burnt for sorcery, and it afterwards passed into the hands of a cast-off mistress of the King, under whose management it grew into great repute, drunkenness being the vice of the age. Gaming, in course of

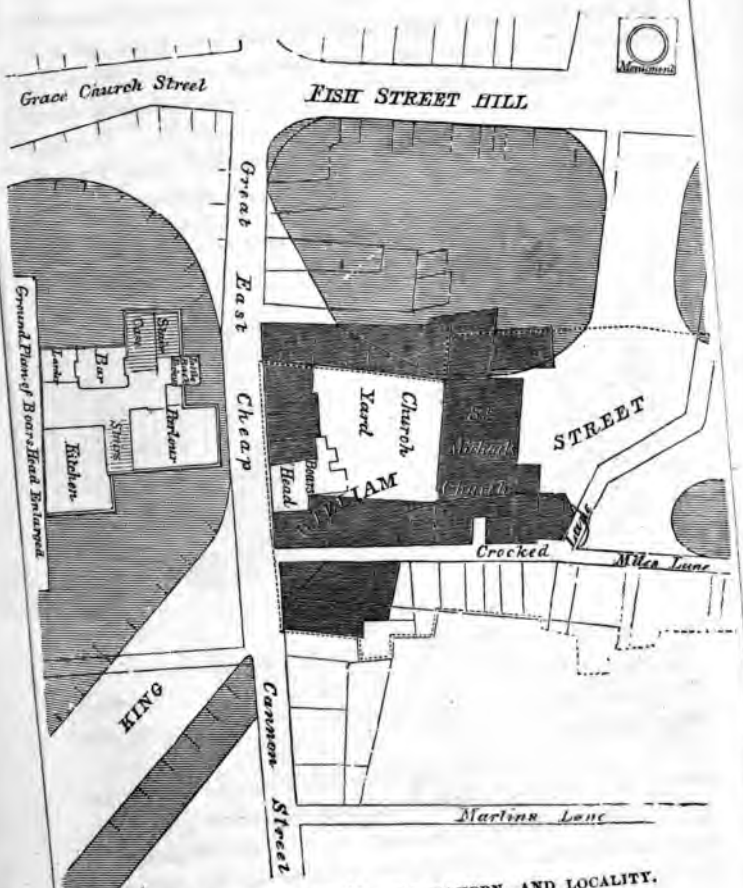
time, followed on the heels of drunkenness, and in one of the wide-chimnied, quaintly-carved rooms of this very tavern, with stained glass windows emblazoned with escutcheons, did the last Henry play away and lose the four great bells of Old St. Paul's, and the image of the saint which stood on the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the following day, and sold them by auction. The last hostess of note was Jane Rouse—one from the lower ranks of life—who, being frugal and complaisant, acquired a moderate fortune. As fate would have it, however, she could not



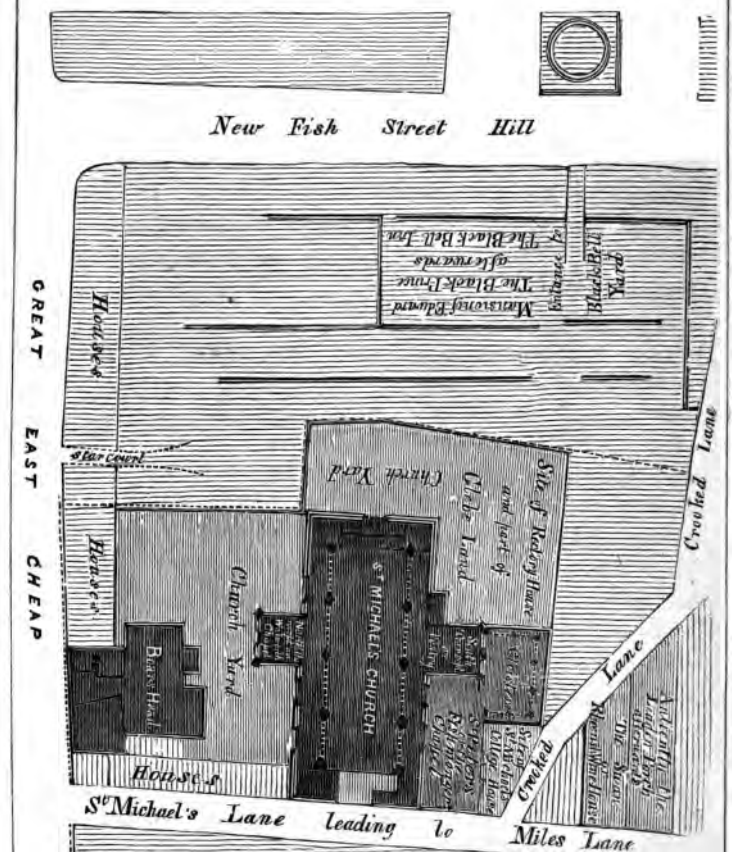
SHAKESPEARE RELIC.

refrain from quarrelling with a sanctimonious neighbour, who retaliated by accusing her of witchcraft. She was thereupon taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned and executed.

The original building was of wood, with one storey projecting over another, ornamented with vast Gothic windows, stained with coats of arms. At the doorway flourished a large vine growing upon supporters, and over it were suspended a blue Boar, a Bacchus, a tun, and a bunch of grapes. The Great Fire of 1666, which began in Pudding-lane, close by, consumed this edifice; but a Boar's Head with silver



PLAN OF OLD BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, AND LOCALITY.



PLAN OF BOAR'S HEAD AND SITE OF THE OLD PRIORY.

tusks, which had hung in one of the rooms, fell down with the ruins of the house, whence it was removed to Whitechapel Mount, where, many years after, it was discovered and identified with its former position. In two years, a second Boar's Head Tavern sprung up on the site of the old one, a fact attested by a Boar's Head carved in stone, with the initials of the landlord J. T., and the date 1668 cut therein, which is now to be seen in the Guildhall Library. Maitland in 1730, mentions the Boar's Head as the chief tavern in London at that period.

In 1834, Mr. Kemp, F.S A., exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries, a carved oak figure of Sir John Falstaff, in the costume of the 16th century. It had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door of the Boar's Head, a figure of Prince Henry sustaining that on the other. This carving belonged to a Mr. Shelton, brazier, Great Eastcheap, whose ancestors had lived in the same house ever since the Great Fire. Mr. Shelton remembered the last grand Shakesperian Dinner at the Boar's Head. This was about 1784, and much honest enthusiasm is said to have prevailed on the occasion. At a public house in Miles-lane was long preserved a tobacco box, with a painting of the original Boar's Head Tavern on the lid. It was considered a great curiosity and much sought after.

The accompanying two plans of the Old Boar's Head, and the general locality at the time we are speaking of, may be interesting to our readers.

The site of the old tavern itself is, as nearly as can be ascertained, the present King William Statue.

The pen of Shakespeare consecrates all it sketches; and thus, Herne's Oak, in the Home Park, Windsor, the scene of Falstaff's final defeat by the "Merry Wives," has long been regarded as a sacred relic. Who would, in these days, have known aught of the legendary hunter, Herne, who, in life, a keeper of the forest, after death, antlered like a deer, at-

tended by a pack of demon hounds, was said to ride through the park at midnight, and vanish at his starting point, the ancient oak which bore his name; had not the Poet given fresh life to the dying legend? This relic (of which a memento is presented) was blown down in the high winds last autumn, and by Her Majesty's command removed to the

HERNE'S OAK.

Castle, to preserve it from pillage. The Garter Inn, prominent in the play, exists at this day as the "Star and Garter," in Peascod-street; it has been named as the hostel where Shakespeare wrote the "Merry Wives of Windsor." But this is an error, for he penned it at the Hope Inn, Frogmore, then known as the "Bottle on the Moor."

It is a delightful feature in the character of Shakespeare, that he did not forget his home friends, or the scenes of his youth. As his fortunes rose, so did that of his sire. As has already been told, it was his wont to visit Stratford annually, and in 1597 he completed the purchase of New Place, a mansion of considerable size, for the residence of his family,

decreased by the death of Hammet in the preceding year. He himself continued to reside in London, at one time occupying a house in the vicinity of the *Times* printing office, Printing House Square, leased to him by the Corporation of the City of London; at another lodging in close proximity to the Bear Garden, Southwark, where he held house property,

as would seem from assessments made on him, as also for other property in the liberty of the Clink.

The future founder of Dulwich College, Edward Alleyn, became the purchaser of Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriar's Theatre, properties, and wardrobe, although the document quoted by Mr. Collier merely refers to the lease. It is as follows:—

"1612.

"Money paid by me, E. A., for the Blackfriars .	160 li.
"More for the Blackfriars	126 li.
"More again for lease	310 li.

"The writings for the same, and other small charges, £3 6s. 8d."

Subsequent memoranda, by Edward Alleyne, show that he paid rent for the theatre, and expended sums upon the building.

We give a portrait of Alleyne, as one who was not only mixed up with our hero in monetary transactions in his latter days, but because he was a public benefactor in every sense of the word.

It was not until about 1613, that Shakespeare finally retired from public life, after creating a drama, and founding a literature, and joined the surviving members of his family in retirement at New Place. Susanna, his favourite daughter, had been married since 1607 to Dr. Hall, a physician of much skill and repute; and in 1616, his younger daughter, Judith, married Mr. Thomas Quiney, vintner, of Stratford. On the 25th of March, in the same year, Shakespeare made his will, being at the time, as he himself expresses it, "in perfect health and memory, God be praised!" and on the 23rd of the following month, after a very brief illness, the "gentle Bard of Avon," "Nature's sweetest child," the "Poet of all time," as he has been variously called, yielded back his spirit to the God who gave it.

Incomparable as he was, and wide as was the gap occa-

sioned by his death, no particular rites of sepulture appear to have been observed; for, on the second day after his decease, his remains were interred on the north side of the chancel in the parish church of Stratford. Here a monument, containing a bust of the poet, executed by Gerard Johnson, was

MONUMENT IN STRATFORD CHURCH.

after a while erected. The bust is the size of life, is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over, in imitation of nature. The hands and face, says Mr. Britton, were of a flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown or tabard,

without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have been the original features of this important, but neglected or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above 120 years, it was repaired, and the original colours preserved. In 1793, the bust was covered over with white paint, which destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face. The following is the inscription beneath the bust:—

JVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET OLYMPVS HABET.
STAY, PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST?
READ, IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITHIN THIS MONVMENT, SHAKSPEARE, WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE; WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK YE TOMBE
FAR MORE THAN COST; SITH ALL YT HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WIT.
Obitt ano. doi. 1616. *Ætatis* 53, *die* 23 *Ap.*

Later on, in 1741, a cenotaph, raised by performances at the principal London theatres, and which cost about £300, was placed in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, that grand old depository of England's mighty dead.

But Shakespeare has a nobler, a more lasting monument than either of these. As Milton himself, only second to Shakespeare, beautifully observes, he has his own imperishable works; and what other more touching tribute could be paid to him than was paid by "rare Ben Jonson," when he said "I love the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any."

Our frontispiece portrait is copied from the first folio, and has a certain similarity to the coloured bust in the chancel. Although inferior as a work of art, it seems to be regarded as the most authentic likeness we possess of the Poet. This original portrait was engraved by Droeshout. The ornamental surroundings and autographs we have added.

Accompanying the original are some verses by Ben Jonson, which of themselves attest to a certain truthfulness, which gives this portrait an interest over the many other and apparently better ones published in various editions.

"This figure, that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life.
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writt in brasse;
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke."

While giving Ben Jonson's testimony to his friend's face, and elsewhere to his worth, we cannot help also noticing how Spenser referred to him in his "*Teares of the Muses*," and although a doubt has been expressed as to the words in italics referring to Shakespeare, we cannot help crediting the evidence adduced by Charles Knight, that they could not have been intended for any but Shakespeare.

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

"Instead thereof, scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornful follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameless ribandrie,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make
And doth the learned's taske upon him take.

"But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell."

In the first edition of Shakespeare, Rowe mentions that "Mr. Dryden was always of opinion that these verses were meant of Shakespeare."

Five full page illustrations which accompany this *brochure*, and which respectively represent the history (*Henry the Fourth*), the poetry (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), the mythology (the *Tempest*), the comedy (*Much ado About Nothing*), and the tragedy (*Hamlet*), of Shakespeare, only faintly indicate the magnitude and diversity of his genius; for not only did all creation lavish her boundless wealth at his feet, but having "exhausted old worlds," he next "created new."

Of the works he left to posterity, the following are preserved: those marked * were printed in their great author's lifetime, and the whole collected by his fellowes, Heminge and Condell, were published in 1623.

1. The Comedy of Errors.
*2. Love's Labour Lost.
*3. Romeo and Juliet.
4. Henry VI., the First Part.
*5. Henry VI., the Second Part.
*6. Henry VI., the Third Part.
7. The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
*8. Richard III.
*9. Richard II.
*10. The Merry Wives of Windsor.
*11. Henry IV., the First Part.
*12. Henry IV., the Second Part.
*13. Henry V.
*14. The Merchant of Venice.
*15. Hamlet.

16. King John.
*17. A Midsummer Night's Dream.
18. The Taming of the Shrew.
19. All's Well that Ends Well.
*20. Much Ado About Nothing.
21. As You Like It.
*22. Troilus and Cressida.
23. Timon of Athens.
24. The Winter's Tale.
25. Measure for Measure.
*26. Lear.
27. Cymbeline.
28. Macbeth
29. Julius Cæsar.
30. Anthony and Cleopatra.
31. Coriolanus.
32. The Tempest.
33. The Twelfth Night.
34. Henry VIII.
*35. Othello.
*Titus Andronicus.
*Pericles.

These are given in the supposed order of production, with the exception of the last two plays, the authorship of which has been much disputed. The Poems comprise—

Venus and Adonis.
The Rape of Lucrece.
Fifty-four Sonnets.
The Passionate Pilgrim.
A Lover's Complaint.

The titles under which our poet originally published his plays cannot fail to interest the reader, now that everything relating to him becomes invested with a charm peculiarly its own. The orthography is the same as appears on the title pages of the first quarto editions.

The Tragedy of King Richard the third, containing, His treacherous

Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death, 1597.

The History of Henrie the Fovrth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe, 1598.

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas, 1598.

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine, his seruants, 1600.

A Midsomer nights dreame, 1600.

The most excellente Historie of the merchant of Venice with the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three chests, 1600.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, prince of Denmarke. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie, 1604.

HAMLET
GILES

HAMLET.

Act I., Scene V.

A more remote part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost *and* Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What!
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature
Are burn't and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;——

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I., SCENE II.

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden. Bough, wough.
The watch dogs bark:
(*Dispersedly.*
Bough, wough.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strains of strutting chanticleer
Cry "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Ferdinand. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon some god of the island.

* * *

THE TEMPEST

H. FITZGERALD
HENRY THE IVTH
G.L.K.S

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

Act IV., Scene IV.

Exeunt all but Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!——
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from the golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee, is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard:——

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II., SCENE II.—*A Wood.*
LYSANDER *and* HERMIA *asleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

MUCH·ADO·ABOUT·NOTHING

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act III., Scene I.

Ursula *and* Hero *conversing in* Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Beatrice, *behind.*

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have.) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day:—to-morrow: come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*aside.*] She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some, Cupid kills by arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc, Regis Angliæ, etc., decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following (that is to say):—

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following (that is to say):—One hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound, for so long a time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall

like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease, according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath, one hundred pounds thereof to my niece, Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath, the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease, the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any (time) after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my

will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item. I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item. I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl), that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item. I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid, ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe, my sword; to Thomas Russell, Esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item. I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler, twenty-six shillings eight pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson, William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows, John Hemyngs, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item. I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter, Susanna Hall, for the better enabling her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and

two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid, and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the town, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe: and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease, to the first son of her body, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna, lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said third son, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs-males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons, lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs-males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and to remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs-males of her body, lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs-males of her body, lawfully issuing, and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item. I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

Item. I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith, my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, Esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me,
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,
FRA. COLLYNS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATCOTT.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, etc., vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini, 1616*; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex, cui, etc., de bene, etc., jurat reservata potestate, etc. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex., etc., eam cum venerit, etc., petitur, etc.*

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the last two of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakespeare's own hand.

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JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
ROM. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
ROM. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her*
JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
JUL. You kiss by the book.
NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
ROM. What is her mother?
NURSE. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
ROM. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah [*To* 2 CAP.], by my fay, it waxes late;
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* Nurse.
JUL. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
JUL. What 's he, that now is going out of door?
NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
JUL. What 's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
NURSE. I know not.

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SPECIMEN PAGE.

113 Fleet-street.

1 CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 CAP. Young Romeo is 't?
TYB. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.
1 CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I 'll not endure him.
1 CAP. He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!
TYB. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.
1 CAP. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is 't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
You must contrary me!—marry, 't is time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame!—
I 'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.
TYB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
ROM. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [*To* JULIET.
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

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12 Tea-Spoons . . .	0 15 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg do. gilt bowls .	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 12 0	0 12 0
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1 Gravy Spoon . . .	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
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